

Diary of a Dragon Wing (Dragon Wing 2)

by Angelwriter10

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Summary: Meyla is the newest Viking on Berk, and is aspiring to learn all that she can while Hiccup works on her new wing. As she writes a journal of her past home, she discovers things she would have never expected, and faces a terrible evil that threatens the lives of everyone around her.

1. 1- How to signal your Smithy

AU: After excessive support and interest in the first book, I have decided to write a sequel.

I aim for the chapters to be longer in this one- which may ultimately result in fewer chapters, and updates only once a week.

Remember I am always open for suggestions, thoughts, questions, and criticism if it further benefits the story.

Keep reading! Thanks again :)

-Mo

* * *

><p>It's been two weeks since I got to Berk. Hiccup gave me this leather journal to write in, but because I cannot write good English, he is teaching me every day. He said he would make my wing soon too.

I moved into the spare room off the back of Hiccup's house. It's warmer than I expected, and nicer. There's only a few pieces of furniture, but it reminds me of back home.

_I met so many Vikings already. Most of them are kind. Some just look at me like I'm weird. It is very different from back home- the whole

island too._

Our tribe was close. Like we were all a family. I think it is similar here. Hiccup treats everyone like his friend. Maybe it's because it's just him and his dad, so he makes everyone his family.

My home was a part of all of us. Like we were connected to the island. I never knew how detached I felt until left it. Like there's a part of me missing. I just have to remind myself that this is my home now.

_I remember when I turned thirteen. At thirteen, all young Dragon Wing's take a test. It's more like a fight-to-the-death-or-be-killed-survival test. The elders give us a knife and some rope and we have to survive a night out in the jungle. We all grew up in the jungle so it wasn't that bad, unless you got arrogant and decided to fight a dragon. _

That night I found a Skip Spinner. He was very kind- told me his name was Zally. The next day when I came back, the whole tribe was ready with my coming-of-age celebration. Right when I was receiving my token from the elders in front of the whole tribe, Zally leapt out of my bag and onto my shoulder. The elders weren't very impressed, but everyone else found it amusing.

* * *

><p>The sound of rapping on my door interrupted my thoughts. I opened it a crack, still unsure if it was safe to willingly open my door to strangers. Hiccup looked up, and gave me a smile. I quickly opened it the rest of the way. His shaggy brown hair shifted to the side when he lifted his head.<p>

"Morning. Ummâ€¦ Can you come down to the Smithy's? I wanted to get your wing measurements."

I nodded and scooted out of the room, shutting the door behind me. The brisk air was unfamiliar, but Hiccup had reassured me that it was Spring. I didn't feel reassured. I was used to tropical climates.

I smoothed out my outfit as I followed behind him down the hill. Astrid had been helping me choose out some clothes, since I had no knowledge of fashion here. She had given me a little, but Hiccup ended up trading for some more.

That was the night I was in his downstairs, as he calls it, reading some of his books, when he stormed in from the cold, clutching a massive box. He dropped it on the floor in front of me and put his hands on his hips. "Well, go ahead! Open it." I had no idea what a present was, until he gave me one. My face hurt from smiling after that, and he just sat off to the side with the smuggest face. There were two pairs of boots, a skirt, some tights, a tunic like his except in blue, a thinner green top, some armor (though I didn't know what I'd ever do with it), and a journal. "Figured you might need some things," he had said.

I didn't think I needed all of it, in fact I was sure I needed none of it; but Hiccup wouldn't have it. Some of the other Vikings had brought me little welcome gifts too, though I had no idea what to do

with them.

The town was quieter this morning, and I looked around expectantly. I think I've been getting used to the unusual attention, because I'm looking for it. Hiccup must have noticed my unusually quiet atmosphere, because he spun around and raised an eyebrow at me as he walked backwards. I was impressed he could do that without tripping.

"They're having a town meeting right now, don't worry."

It's like he read my mind. I groaned. "And why are you not there?"

"It was boring."

"So you just left?"

He shrugged.

"What's it about?"

"Something about a few sheep going missing. I think it's quite common around here actually, they should be used to it."

I just watched the ground until the familiar building stretched up in front of me. Hiccup disappeared inside and began rummaging through all sorts of weapons and chunks of metal, then through books and papers. I stepped in, unsure about the surroundings. Daggers and swords and flails all hung from the ceiling. It looked ominous, but for a weapons shack I really shouldn't have expected anything different.

"Here we go," he released a ton of materials onto one of the tables. "Okay turn around." I looked back at one of the walls and Hiccup stretched my wing out. I felt his hands running over the scales, and it felt different to have someone actually touching them. Back home we used to rub oils onto our wings, to make them shinier and smoother, especially during courting time. My mother used to rub oil on mine when I was too young to reach my own wings. It felt comforting.

I peered over my shoulder to see him holding up a long string with a pencil in his mouth. He was mumbling to himself as he examines the rope, then spanning it along the table and jotting things down on a paper. I had no idea what he was doing, but apparently it was necessary. He measured the front part, and then the second, and then the length of each section.

"Soâ€¦ this is where you work?"

"Most of the time. Otherwise I'm in the arena, or the great hall."

"Could I work here?" I suddenly blurted out. Where had that come from?

Hiccup stuck his head out to look at me. "You're serious?"

I stared at him, unsure if I was. I slowly nodded.

"Well, we could use an extra hand around here. Mostly cleaning, which is my job. But you knowâ€¦ you did do a good job with my leg. I'll talk to Gobber." He returned to measuring and drawing. "You know, he was pretty shocked when he saw my new leg."

"What did he say?"

"Aye! What happened to ye leg? I thot mine was just fine!" Hiccup puffed out his chest and did his best Gobber impression.

I laughed; from what I knew about Gobber it was pretty accurate. "He wasn't mad?"

"Naw, in fact, after he got a good look at it, he was pretty impressed. Said it had real craftsmanship. Coming from Mr. metal-undies, I'd say that's quite a compliment."

I felt my cheeks grow hot. My dad had taught me those skills. Carving and whittling was a part of how we survived.

"You could make great, authentic prosthetics. Vikings'd pay a fortune to get one," he exaggerated by swinging his arms open wide.

I noticed above a barrel of weapons, a wall covered in drawings. I walked over, since Hiccup was just scrawling hurriedly in a book at the moment. Some papers had plans for weapons, recipes for mixtures of metals, and prosthetic designs. A few of them had bigger contraptions- none of which I recognized. Off to the right, a relatively different one caught my eye. I leaned in to get a closer look. It definitely looked like a dragon's wing. It was covering something. It was unclear though with its smudged ash, like someone had purposely smeared it.

Hiccup must have seen me examining the papers because he ran in front of me and began ripping several off the wall in a frenzy.

"Whatâ€¦"

"Theseâ€¦ these are old. Don't want old now!" He stuttered as his cheeks flushed with embarrassment. He crumpled them all into the table, sorting through them.

I raised an eyebrow at his unusual behaviour. Hiccup was always awkward, it was practically his name, but every now and again he'd get even more so.

I was about to argue, but he had already scrapped the papers and returned to his desk. Hiccup didn't move though, he clutched the desk tightly under his fingers and stared down at nothing. He was tense, and I had no idea how to comfort him. I may speak dragon... but swear half the time I don't speak human either.

"Hiccup?"

He just slowly turned his head to look at me, waiting for me to continue.

"Is there a training practice today?" I shifted my feet awkwardly.

His eyes relaxed and he stood up straight again, probably glad of a topic he knew. "Yeah." He stared at me for a minute until I broke the silence again.

"Mind if I watch?"

He looked away and ran his hand through his hair. I always found it amusing when he did that. It was like a mix of embarrassment, frustration, andâ€¦ I stopped myself.

"For sure; but we're building fences today. Hardly training. Dad says we need to make sure no more sheep go missing."

2. 2- How to make your Mark

Astrid poked her head around the corner. "There you are! We're heading to the arena now."

Hiccup promptly got up and walked over to see her, and was rewarded with a quick kiss.

I had smiled when Astrid arrived, but I looked away awkwardly at their blatant affection. I reminded myself that we were friends, I was happy for him; but it felt like I was forcing myself to feel that way. There's no denying that we both liked each other when we were on the Island, but that time is over. I'm also still new here, and the only romantic interest shown towards me was by that Snotlout fellow; and after hearing Hiccup's many negative stories about him I didn't consider being in a relationship with him a possibility.

I followed the pair out of the Smithy's, leaving behind Hiccup's sketches of my new wing. I should really be more grateful to him for helping me.

I trailed them, and suddenly noticed that they were holding hands. I could feel my stomach drop and my eyes looked anywhere but at them. I tried to acknowledge the fact that Hiccup looked over his shoulder to check on me, but I couldn't meet his eyes. It was just a glance, but I have to stop worrying so much.

Toothless bustled over and joined us, shoving his head in-between the couple, which earned a grateful sigh from me. I couldn't help but smile at his sense of humour.

The arena came into sight quicker than I intended, and we were greeted by Fishlegs and Snotlout who had been waiting with their dragons patiently.

Meatlug promptly toddled over and licked my arm. I greeted her, trying to avoid the fact that I could feel the other Vikings gaze resting on me. Meatlug was very kind actually. She spoke often about Fishlegs and the best tasting rocks; well, not spoke. More like grunted.

I turned back to the others, who all chattered excitedly about today's activities.

I was standing a short distance away, but I thought I could hear a mention of my name. My eyes directed back to the others, who all

chattered excitedly about today's activities. I ignored it and greeted the other two dragons. They all seemed glad that there was someone around here now that could actually understand them.

"Where's Ruff and Tuff?" Snotlout grumbled, crossing his arms.

"I think I saw Ruff tying an axe to the front of their house," Fishlegs stated. All our eyes turned to him with raised eyebrows. "Hey, it's Ruff. Don't ask me why she does what she does."

Astrid clapped her hands together. "So Gobber has asked us to disarm some of the traps in the forest. They're worried about the missing sheep getting caught in them, and a few of the other Vikings have volunteered to fix the fence instead of us."

"I don't see why we shouldâ€¦ they're just sheep," Snotlout exasperated.

Astrid put her hands on her hips. "Fine. We'll just use you to disarm the traps then."

Hiccup's eyebrows rose in amusement and Fishlegs was attempting to hold back a snicker.

I just looked on with a smile. I really had no opinion in the matter. If they were worried about the sheep, then I would help.

I remember the first time Hiccup had shown me a sheep. It was only the third day I had been to Berk, but those things are everywhere—they're hard to miss.

"Let's just go, the twins'll have to catch up," Hiccup concluded.

The boys hopped on their dragons, and Astrid climbed on Toothless with Hiccup and quickly left the arena. Quick as a wing beat, I was left standing there wondering what had just happened. Usually Hiccup would wait for me to join himâ€¦

I stretched out my singular wing and sighed, quickly closing it again. Looks like I was on my own. Luckily my tracking skills are second nature; I'd find them in no time. The tunnel stretched around me and expanded into the open air as I walked towards where the dragons had disappeared into the forest.

The surrounding trees were peaceful, and I couldn't help but be reminded of the jungle back home. The large trees would stretch to the sky similarly, but at home they'd cover almost every view of the sky. The elders always believed that the spirit of our ancestors dwelled in those trees. They were considered sacred.

I began to question their teachings at a young age. It started when my father was teaching me how to fly for the first time. We were in a clearing and he was showing me how to push off and beat my wings properly; all of the regular things a young Dragon Wing must learn before their initiation. I had just gotten the hang of hovering, and it was very tiring. Father coaxed me to try flying around the circle, but as soon as I changed direction, I crashed headfirst into a tree. He rushed over and helped me up, apologizing and worrisome, but I was

unscathed. When I stood back up and looked at the tree I had hit, the bark had been scarred, which I never knew could happen. They were whole, solid beings as far as I had ever learned. To be scarred was unholy, andâ€¦ mortal.

After that, I used to carve tiny figures into the trees. I was never caught, but one time the elders found some of my doodles and thought that it was a bad omen. They made the tribe fast for two weeks.

I shook my head at the memory and smiled. I was a mischief-maker, that's to be sure.

I was shaken from my thoughts as the sound of familiar voices flooded over me. I stepped out into the clearing. No wonder I had caught up; the twins had arrived and were stuck in a tree. Astrid, Snotlout, Fishlegs, and Hiccup all stared up at them with their dragons pacing restlessly around them.

Toothless poked his head up when I approached. He was grumbling about the 'insolent vikings', while Hookfang was poking his head into a bush, and I could hear him noting that he smelled the scent of sheep. Barf and Belch were looking up at the twins with amusement.

I walked over, joining the group as if I had always been there.

"This is not comfortable!" Tuffnut shouted. He was hanging from a branch by his pants.

Ruffnut was just clinging to a limb, praying that she wouldn't fall.

"Alright Barf, Belch. Might as well get 'um down now," Hiccup sighed.

The two-headed dragon acknowledged him and stuck their faces up into the trees to assist their riders.

The rest of us looked at each other with tired groans.

"So I think Gobber said there's a trap nearby. By the oak tree," she pointed to a tree just out of the circle.

Snotlout immediately ran over, "I've got this one."

The rest of us crossed out arms. I hadn't said a thing since the Smithy's, but I couldn't find the words. Any words. Maybe it's because I don't speak English well. I had to convince myself that that was the reason.

As if on queue, Snotlout ran out of the forest with a trap snapped right around his leg. Hookfang quickly followed, but his expression was even more fearful. I rushed over. Knowing Hookfang, he usually would care less about his rider's injuries, but presently he had a disturbed look in his eyes.

The other Vikings were unamused by Snotlout, as if it was a common practice. Hiccup must have noticed me hurry over to the Nightmare though, because he paced quickly behind me.

I ran my hands over Hookfang's nose and began chattering to him. Hiccup was standing close by, with worry in his eyes.

'What's wrong? Did you see something?' I asked the dragon.

'Wild dragon,' was all that I could decipher in his jitteriness.

3. 3- How to relish your Relations

Snotlout blundered over to us, "hey quit telling secrets to my dragon!"

Hiccup had clearly had enough. I watched as he turned on him suddenly, "she is helping your dragon, you stupid Viking! Can't you see something's spooked him?"

I watched as Hiccup shoved his face close to Snotlout's and his nostrils flared. His face was red with anger.

I looked between the two, until Hiccup finally noticed I was watching and straightened up, recollecting his composure. My cheeks also felt hot, knowing that Hiccup had gotten so defensive of me. The others seemed to look on with pure interest at the boys' feud, as if it was a common occurrence. I'm sure it was.

"Look, now that we have someone that can actually talk to dragons, maybe we should learn from her," his voice tried to relax.

I gave him a curt smile before turning back to the dragon.

'Wild dragon?'

'There are not usually wild dragons on Berk these days,' Hookfang continued.

'Do you know why it's here?'

'No. But that explains the missing sheep.'

I nodded and gave him one last scratch on the nose in thanks.

I turned around and the group was all hovering around me expectantly, with Ruff and Tuff finally joining the party.

"He says there's a wild dragon here. And I guess that explains the missing sheep."

"Of course!" Astrid pumped her fist in the air, "it makes sense."

"Well, dad's not going to be happy about this," Hiccup grumbled.

I couldn't help but sneak a smile. I had finally put my talents to good use.

"Should we track it down and scare it off?" I suggested, maybe with a bit too much of enthusiasm.

The other's turned to me, almost surprised that I had actually spoken. To them my slight accent must also stand out. I wondered what it sounded like to them.

"That's not a bad idea," Fishlegs pointed out, "but we don't know what kind of dragon we're up against."

I nodded- he had a point. Okay, I'm still learning.

"We'll send out a scout tonight to watch the sheep pen. That seems to be when the sheep go missing." Hiccup dictated.

We all nodded, and without any more disagreements the group began to trudge back through the trees towards Berk. I guessed that since a dragon must be taking the sheep, there was no pint in disarming traps because the sheep would be long gone.

The town came back into sight; it had quieted after lunchtime. I had trailed ahead, and I droned out the twins who bickered with the others behind me. I watched my feet, in the unfamiliar shoes. I almost never wore shoes back home. Especially after- I couldn't bring myself to think about it. A pang went through my chest again at the thought of home. Maybe I really did miss it, even though by now there was no home to go back to. Even my shelter that Hiccup and I had stayed in on his visit was in ash; probably spread halfway across the jungle by now.

I listened as the others' footsteps meandered away from me. I didn't bother to say goodbye considering I'd see them in a few hours. I finally took notice in the mimicking footsteps that countered mine. I looked up to see Hiccup walking along side me. He stared ahead, lost in thought. I could only guess what he was thinking about: the dragon. That's all he ever thought about. Well, dragons... and Astrid, Berk, Toothless, his dad-

"Dad's officially announcing it you know." Okay maybe he thinks of other things too.

I raised my head at the sudden voice. "Announcing what?"

"You. Joining the tribe. It's not often we get new members; the whole town's pretty excited."

My cheeks flushed at the comment. The only new members they probably ever got were babies or dragons these days. I really had no idea how to be a Viking- but this was my home now. Hiccup's all I have left. "What do I have to do?" I asked as we entered Hiccup's side of the house. I knew he wouldn't mind since it was where we occasionally killed time together, and I really had no reasoning to go into my lonesome room at the moment.

"Nothing. Well, there'll be a little announcement at the party-" He lifted his leather armour over his torso and slung it over the chair, as I averted my eyes.

"Party?" I sat on side bench against the wall that was half-covered in books. Most of them, which I had been reading. Hiccup had already read most of them.

"Official welcoming party," he continued and settled into the

chair.

"Didn't we just have a party?"

"That was for our coming-home. Yeah, Vikings sure like celebrations. Gives them an excuse to drink mead and overload on excessive food," he shrugged his shoulders in the cute way that Hiccup does.

I chuckled at his comment. "I'm kind of nervous."

I looked at the ground but my eyes continually flickered back to meet with his as he looked at me with his bright green eyes.

"What for? You're practically one of us already. Only thing's left is the ceremony, and I don't even know if you could classify it as one of those either."

I shrugged and hugged my knees closer to my chest. I dared not let on what I truly felt. I didn't think I was suitable to become a Viking. They were so brooding and strong and warriors. I'm just a lost half-dragon with nowhere to go. I can't fly and, well, I don't have half the heart of a Viking.

Hiccup picked up a leather-bound book and began flipping through it.

I watched him for a minute before a different colour caught the corner of my eye. I stared, and my heart panged at the sight. It was the blue dragon. He still kept it. The small, plush toy that his mother had made him sit on his desk as a reminder of her. My heart choked at the thought of losing a parent; I knew the feeling all too well. The fact that he brought it with him on his adventure and never lost it amazed her. They had barely made it off that island alive, let alone with any possessions.

The thing that I found intriguing was that in Berk, there was actually a very small selection of dragons. Hiccup knew this; we had discussed the vast species that existed beyond these borders many times. Except the blue toy, that he thought was just a relic from his mom, was a real dragon. The blue-plush dragon was a representation of a real dragon. One not found on Berk of course- but I wondered if Hiccup would ever figure that out. I had only heard about it from the elders, but the way they described it assured me that it was in fact the same one.

How his mom knew of it, I did not know. But I figured it wasn't my place to question.

Hiccup flipped another page and glanced up at me, and when he saw me looking back his eyes fixed on mine. I felt my cheeks grow hot- I hadn't realized that I'd been staring. I looked away at the floor.

"So how's Astrid?" I tried to break the tension.

Hiccup looked down at the page with no enthusiasm. I was sure he'd be bubbling about his girlfriend, maybe jabbering about how amazing she was. Now he said nothing.

"I'm sorry it's just that you guys seemed so happy together this

morningâ€| "

He leaned back in the chair, staring up at the ceiling. "Yeah, we're great." Now I may barely understand sarcasmâ€| but I knew what that tone meant. He said it like it was a fact, but I could tell he didn't want to chat about her with me. I just hoped that he was doing it to spare my feelings.

"I'm not stupid Hiccup. You can tell me."

"We're fine," he said a bit more forceful this time, slamming his book shut and shoving it back onto the bookshelf. I figured he was just reassuring himself of it though.

"I know- you guys certainly looked cozy flying away on Toothless earlier." My voice was almost snide, hinting at my annoyance, but I waited to see if he would figure out my reasoning.

Hiccup turned to me slowly, blinking confused, as if he had no idea what I was implying. I simply looked at him, waiting for him to put two-and-two together. His eyes widened. I knew he would figure it out.

"Iâ€| weâ€|" he shoved his hands into his hair frustrated and groaned, "I'm so sorry. Iâ€| had no ideaâ€| I'm such and idiot!" He stood up abruptly and the chair shoved backwards. He stomped around for a minute. I patiently sat and watched. I really didn't mind that he had left me in the arena earlier- it wasn't that big of a deal. It just kind of bugged me that he had completely forgotten about me.

He traipsed back and forth, and quickly changed his direction towards me. I grew scared for a moment since the look in his eyes reminded me of a crazy person, and he thrust both his arms on the wall on either side of my head and stared me in the eye.

My heart beat wildly in my chest, as he stood so close. His breath ragged on my face, and his eyes were forlorn. I sucked in a breath, afraid that if I breathed on him the wrong way he would flip.

"Meyla, I'm sorry," his voice came out in gasp and he quickly spun around the other way. Had he not even realized how close he was a moment ago?

"Itâ€| it's okay. I was just kind ofâ€|" my voice trailed off as I tried to catch my own breath.

He turned around, his expression was back to normal but he was clearly stressed out.

"Kind of what?"

"Nothing."

"Meyla!"

"I was hurt, okay? You just kind of forgot about me, and, wellâ€| I didn't know what to do. I was just confused." My face lowered again ashamed, and I hugged my knees.

The bench shifted as Hiccup sat on the other side next to me. Without another word he pulled me closer with an arm to lean against him. I enjoyed the feeling of a warm embrace again. It reminded me ofâ€¦ I sucked in breath, as tears threatened to spill out. I had to stop thinking of home.

"I will never forget about you, okay? Justâ€¦ don't hesitate to get my attention next time."

I nodded against his shoulder. Hiccup slowly got up and turned to me again, although I was sure I looked like a pathetic heap on the side of the room at this point.

"Oh, and your celebration is tonight by the way."

4. 4- How to make your Models

The floor was strewn with clothes; or as many clothes as I actually owned at this point. I had a few of my own from Hiccup, some dresses that used to be his moms, and some from Astrid. I rummaged through my dressing drunk, trying to figure out what to wear. I was going to be an official Viking tonight. I knew I had to fit the part, but I wanted to look nice.

Back on the island, there was never a need to be beautiful, wear fancy clothes, or wear any clothes for that matter. I was alone, and could therefore do whatever I wanted, or dress however I liked. The sudden pressure of fashion and behaviour standards made me stress, and I tried to avoid stress as much as possible.

I groaned and sat back on my heels amongst the scattered garments. What would Astrid wear? Maybe she would know what to do. I lifted up a few shirts and threw them on my small bed. I guess it was a good a shot as any.

The dark lighting in my room quickly vanished as I opened the door. It was mid afternoon and I didn't have much time left. I jogged down to her house, knocking briefly on the door, which I had only just learned was a custom around here. I had to learn that the hard way.

Back home we could just walk in and out of homes- no body had anything to hide, and nothing worth taking. On Berk, wellâ€¦ let's just say I may have walked into Hiccup's place in the first couple days of our arrivalâ€¦ naked. He was getting dressed, and I had wandered in on his exposed back facing me. I quickly exited and when he came over to apologize, I had to straighten it out- it was my fault. I just didn't realize that 'knocking' was something people did here. He had to explain it to me.

Astrid opened the door and smiled. "Hey! Did Hiccup send you over here?"

I shook my head. "No, I was hoping I could get your advice."

"My advice?" She leaned against the doorframe and crossed her arms. Clearly she didn't get asked for help often. "Like what?"

"Wellâ€¦ my welcome party is tonight-"

"Yeah! Oh, it's going to be so much fun."

I smiled. "I have no idea what to wear."

Astrid smiled, "no problem. Let's go back to your place." She shut the door behind her and we meandered back to my room off the back of Hiccup's house. "Did Hiccup tell you what happens at these things?"

"Not reallyâ€¦ just that they welcome me and then have a party."

She laughed, "That's pretty much it. I'd watch out for some of the older Vikings though, they can get a bit... touchy."

"Why's that?"

"When you become an official Viking, or when a kid grows up enough to earn that title, then we have the ceremony. It's also like a coming-of-age thing."

"That's bad?"

"Well, you're a girl. It means you're eligible."

My heart sunk. I knew all too well what that meant.

"Hey don't fret it too much. Just means you can get married- doesn't mean you will, unless you want to."

I groaned inwardly, and avoided glances from other Vikings as we passed by. It's not like anyone would want to marry the new half-dragon in town anywaysâ€¦ compared to them I was a freak, let's face it. But the possibility still made me queasy.

We finally entered my small room and I flopped exasperatedly on the bed while Astrid set her hands on her hips and looked around.

"Wowâ€¦ I'm glad you asked me for help- looks like you've gone through a war."

"What was your ceremony like?"

"Usually happens around the age of 16 to 18, after a few tests and all. You're certainly old enough either way. How old are you anyways? 17? 19?" She paced the room and picked up the clothes, examining each and throwing some onto the bed next to me, and the rest back into her trunk.

I looked at the ground, how old was I? I don't even remember. I was still young, but that was back on the island. My family died a few years ago, and I wasâ€¦ I must beâ€¦

"39."

She froze. "You're 39? As in years?" Her eyes were wide and confused.

"I think soâ€¦ one year for us is a full cycle of the seasons. Even

the island had its cold season when it blew down from the North."

Astrid shook her head and stood there looking at me baffled.

"That's how we count years tooâ€¦ though they're much more complicated with the moon cycles and such; but a year is one cycle of all the seasons. There's no way you can be almost 40â€¦ you look just as old as I do."

"How old are you?"

"20."

"Dragons age differently than humansâ€¦ and they live longer. Maybe Dragon Wing's naturally live longer and age slower," I suggested.

She sighed, "I don't know, makes sense to me. Does Hiccup know that?"

"Don't think we ever talked about age- it never came up."

Astrid held out a few tops in front of her, looking them over, and set one down next to me and went to fetch the boots. "You ever going to tell him?"

"If it comes up."

"I think he'd be interested to know."

"Why?"

She didn't answer, just stood back and admired her selection of designs next to me.

"Try these. I'll wait outside," she smiled and left the room.

I examined them closely, and threw them on quickly since I didn't want to keep her waiting for so long. I looked down at the brown leggings, similar to what most of the other young Vikings wore, with Astrid's boots. They matched my leather skirt, that had similar resemblance to Astrid's too, except without studs down each leather panel; instead it had a diamond-like pattern. I was wearing a brown long-sleeved shirt that went to my wrists, but was half-hidden by my leather forearm bands. My shirt was the only thing that matched my blue nature: a bright blue top, with a fur hood and black belt around the waist.

It certainly looked like Astrid had picked it out for me. I couldn't help but smile though- if I wanted to look like anyone else in the village, it would be her. Maybe Hiccup would show more notice to me thenâ€¦ I shoved the thought away.

My small box of accessories sat on a desk in the corner- all the pieces I had made. Hiccup had been showing me how to punch holes in leather, and make pendants. I picked out a black leather neck band; simple, but pretty with it's silver design tracing it's length. Hiccup had shown me how to melt certain dragon scales, and use them as a metallic-like paint. I didn't like the idea of melting scalesâ€¦

considering I have them myself, but I went along with it.

"Are you done yet?" I heard Astrid call from outside.

I hurried to the door and opened it, her face lit up. "Oh you look so great!"

Really? Astrid thought I looked nice? I was truly flattered, especially coming from someone like her. "Thank you so much!"

"I have to get back and work on my own outfit- this hair doesn't braid itself."

I smiled again and waved her off as she strode down the hill with an elegance I could only wish to have.

I closed the door behind me and fiddled with my hair, eventually deciding to braid it over my shoulder again. I examined the tip of my brown locks. I was a freak. My hair, though it was biological, had a slight tinge of blue to the end of each strand. No other Dragon Wing had it, and the elder's used to meet to discuss if I was a bad omen. I had always disregarded their opinions though, not caring what I looked like. At least it matched my eyes and darker wing colour, which also made me different. A common Dragon Wing had brown eyes and darker hair usually, with black wings that resembled a Night Fury's. Never had someone like me been born with darker blue wings, eyes, and hair- and the features haunted me ever since.

It wasn't much longer after I had fixed my braid that I heard a soft knock at my door. I instantly knew who it was- since he always knocked the same way, like it was our secret code. I bounded over, putting myself in a positive mood. I was actually going to become a Viking today. It felt like I was getting a real family again. Nothing could ruin this day.

The door swung open to reveal Hiccup, who again just stared at me with his wideâ€¦ perfectâ€¦ green, eyes. I stumbled forward a bit, earning a smile from him, and an awkward/nervous one from myself.

He finally composed himself up enough to speak. "You look like a real Viking."

"Really?" I smiled brightly and held the hem of my skirt, spinning around to exaggerate my excitement. He nodded.

I finally looked down, realizing that he was wearing something unusual from his regular garments too. It was the familiar green tunic, except in a long sleeve under a more practical leather vest than his leather armor. He also had armbands on the upper and lower parts of his arms, which made his muscles look larger compared to the rest of him. He wore similar brown pants, classic fur boots, and what I thought was a blade clasped at his waist. I was unused to seeing him in a formal outfit, and I had to remind myself to quit staring. I must have been looking for a bit longer than I should have, because his cheeks were red and looking at the ground. My cheeks flamed in responseâ€¦ terrific.

"My dad said to get you- people are starting to gather at the great hall," he finally broke the awkward tension.

I nodded and left with him without another word.

5. 5- how to cater your Ceremony

"Wait here."

I waited as Hiccup went inside alone, leaving me standing at the top of the stairs in front of the great hall. I could feel my own nervousness creeping up my throat, threatening to spill out. I subconsciously adjusted my clothes once again, as if they would never properly fit me.

The idea of becoming a Viking was enticing; I had no other family now, and if I could join this large one then what did I have to lose? Except I felt like I was betraying my old one. I could practically hear my father's voice echoing inside my head; he would be saying 'disappointment', and 'how could you'. I withheld the tears, knowing that if I cried now there'd be no respect at all from the others. My father was not cruel, nor was he disappointed in me at all. Back home I had to worry about 'honor', 'doing the right thing', and 'listening to the Elders'. Those were probably the exact reasons I left in the first place. Stoick interrupted my thoughts when he slipped outside of the massive doors.

"Ah, there you are."

I just smiled up at him with the bravest face I could muster. Inside I was screaming like a terrified child.

He clapped his hands together; "all you have to do is walk beside me to the back. I'll do the talking, and you just give everyone a smile and a wave, alright?"

I nodded, not daring open my mouth, because I figured that if I did only verbal spew would come out.

He opened the door and I followed him timidly; I felt like a tiny mouse next to an elephant, and I wasn't even short. My eyes attempted to adjust to the dim lighting. It took a minute, and there was a ton of awkward silence. I could practically hear my heart thudding in my chest. Suddenly the room burst with cheering and hollers. I composed myself as best I could with my hands clasped in front of me respectively. Vikings held large containers of mead, and by the smell, some had already had too much. Others were yelling and clapping- making as much racket as possible at my arrival; but all their attention was directed at me.

I had only ever held so much interest at my own ceremony back home, and that hadn't gone so well.

The warm, embracing feeling that emanated from the crowd was overbearing and I could feel myself tearing up at the sight. Stoick walked proudly next to me through the crowd, past the central fire pits, and towards the back. He hoisted himself on top of the nearest table and gestured for me to follow. My heart thudded with the intensity of the moment, and it felt like an eternity until I finally found myself facing the crowd next to the chief. Stoick held up a hand to signal quiet and the noise dimmed.

"Today," he began, and I felt the lump in my throat tighten, "we welcome a new member to the Hairy Hooligan Tribe." I swear, if I had to speak, my voice would come out like a squeak. I felt extremely nervous, but mostly since they were all so accommodating. "She has proved herself worthy of all traits that a Viking possesses"

I have?

"She saved my son"

Well, he saved me too

"Fought off a tyrannical dragon"

Tyrannical?

"Has excellent battle skills"

How would he know that?

"Survival skills"

Okay I guess that ones true.

"And shows a care for everything and everyone around her."

I had to stop and think about what he had just said. I didn't realize that others would notice such things about me, and I dared not let a tear fall. I just stared up at Stoick with awe how would he know those things about me? It's not like Hiccup! I would kill that boy, I swear.

"Now, Meyla," he turned to face me, "do you wish to join our tribe as a member, Viking, and sister?"

Well, I didn't really have a choice now did I?

"Yes." I breathed, glad that I had managed to not choke on my words.

As loud as thunder, cheers erupted throughout the massive hall. Hands held up mugs and yelled my name.

'Meyla!'

'To Meyla.'

"Then I welcome you to our home. From now on, you shall be known as Meyla Habborth."

The erupting booms of voices were nearly overwhelming, I had to tune out most of the noise or my hearing would eventually die. The party kicked back into full swing and Stoick and I stepped down from the table. I sucked in a breath and mustered up the best voice I could after an emotional moment like that. "Thank you."

"Ah, welcome to the family dear," he patted a massive hand on my shoulder and sauntered off into the crowd.

Several more Vikings came up to congratulate me, though I knew none

of them. Finally, I made my way around the hall and was greeted by a few familiar faces.

"There she is!" Ruffnut called and ran over. "Way to go, you're one of us now."

Tuffnut snorted, "it's not like she wasn't before."

"Well now it's official Blunder-head," she shot back.

I smiled at them, "thanks guys!"

Fishlegs and Astrid wandered over and joined the group.

"Congratulations!" Astrid grabbed me and pulled me in for a hug, which I had not been expecting but took with a smile. "You look great too," she laughed.

"No thanks to you," I teased. "So what do we do now?"

"Party!" Ruffnut hollered and raised her arms excitedly.

**AN: I actually wrote this chapter and the next as one, and then realized it was so long that I had to divide it in half. The next one ill be uploaded by tonight. **

6. 6- How to dance your Dragon

Snotlout pushed his way into the circle with an arm full of drinks and began passing them around. I stared at the odd liquid that was thrust into my hands. The others began downing theirs and then cheered, which only blended with the other loud noises in the hall. I never tried the mead at the first party when I first arrived, but maybe today would be that day. I mean, how bad could it be? I looked up to find the others all looking at me expectantly. The pressure rose and I quickly raised the rim to my lips and took a swig. The foul syrup burned down my throat and I nearly choked.

They seemed to like my ambition though, because they all cheered again and drank some more. It had tasted so foul; I really had no desire to drink more. I joined in the cheering but never took another sip. The taste still lingered on my tongue.

On the island, we had firewater; or that's what the adults called it; very few actually drank it though. Many thought it was the drink of bad spirits, and made Dragon Wing's do crazy things. My father's brother used to drink it all the time, and it was hard to visit with him when he smelled of the stuff.

My thoughts trailed off from the discerning memories and I scanned the crowd, looking for a familiar face that I had not seen yet. Where was he?

I watched in amusement as many Vikings began to dance around the centre. The steps looked relatively simple but I had no idea how to dance. The crowd chanted a song, probably a traditional Viking folk song; one that I clearly didn't recognize. But the tune was catchy, and I found myself chanting it anyways, while clapping alongside

Astrid. She smiled and sang too, enjoying the festivities. I tried to remind myself that all these people were gathered to celebrate me. Me of all things; and I felt like an emotional wreck. Sure, I was a warrior, but that didn't mean I wasn't sensitive. I remembered feeling so torn when Hiccup was sick. I knew he'd be okay but there was always that doubt.

Suddenly, Hiccup popped through the crowd; well, more like fell out. He stumbled over, and straightened up quickly to compose himself. His gaze swept from Astrid, to me, and back again.

"Congratulations Ms. Habborth," he smiled at me, one that would make my heart melt over again if it hadn't already been. Hearing my new name roll off his tongue made it hard to focus. He turned to Astrid and offered her out an arm, "shall we mi'lady?"

Astrid laughed like a giddy Nadder and skipped off with him. I couldn't help but look on with an aching feeling. Over the tops of heads I could make out the pair sashaying and swinging across the empty space. My view was blocked quickly by another face who stared back. He looked a bit younger than the average Viking around here, but way older than I was. He held out his hand and I took it tentatively, knowing exactly what he meant, but too stunned to do anything else.

In a second, he was pulling me off into the circle. The crowd cheered louder after seeing me, the new Viking, joining the dance. I smiled and looked at him.

"I don't know how."

He just beamed at me and grabbed my hands, spinning me around and imitating the other dancers around us as the chanting got louder. The beat of the drums in the back thrummed in my head and the music echoed throughout the room. Before long, I had joined the group and danced alongside like I knew all the steps. It felt surreal- was I actually doing this?

Amidst the ruckus, I managed to spot Hiccup with Astrid, who danced with such ease, who looked they had been practicing for years. With every spin of my own, I snuck a glance at them- so perfect in rhythm and steps they looked amazing. I wasn't jealous, I couldn't be- but I did feel disheartened. I could not explain why I felt like that, but deep down, I knew exactly why.

The song finally ended, and the drum beats halted. The room erupted in more cheers, and the Viking who had asked me to dance took my hand once more and held it for a moment.

"Thanks for the dance," was all I could muster before excusing myself and leaving the circle. I felt some others watching me but none seemed too upset since they all returned to chanting a new song. A ceremony was an excuse to party, it made sense.

Before long the music picked up again and I moved to the side of the hall. I skirted the crowd, inching behind Vikings and edging my way slowly to the door. This is fun, but I needed to leave. Mixtures of emotions were overwhelming me: love from my new family, excitement from the party, and loneliness. Never in my life had I felt so welcome and so lonely at the same time.

I slipped out of the dimly lit room and out into the cool darkness. The world expanded before me, with the town closest, stretching out to the ocean and the dark horizon beyond. Out there was homeâ€¦ somewhere anyways.

My feet carried me down the stairs and past my room, beyond the houses and out into the forest. Trees stretched on either side, and the peace there calmed me. But my feet kept going, taking me to some unknown place that I didn't know. Finally I reached the river. The water bubbled along the rocky shore, and I sat down on the grass just uphill of it. The air was cool, but more like an ocean breeze than a mountain one.

I had been here with Hiccup when he gave me a tour of the island, but now it felt like a secret place. I realized that a while ago, I could have flown here; and the thought hit me like a rock in the face. The horrible memories crept in and I let a few tears slip and fall on my lap. Before long I was sobbing. I'm a Dragon Wingâ€¦ and I can't even fly. I knew Hiccup was smart, and he would try to help me, but Toothless' tail was a completely different construction than an entire wing. I should accept the fact that I will probably never fly again by myself.

And my home! It was thereâ€¦ but it would never be the same. I could never go back to the village after knowing what massacre had gone on there. Instead I built a shelter elsewhere, and lived alone. The day I arrived, was the first day I noticed that I couldn't hear the dragons on the island. There was some kind of block there, and eventually the dragons lost touch with us- since there was no Dragon Wing's left, and they couldn't talk to me. After meeting Toothless, I was shocked that I could hear him, and he could understand me.

I wiped the tears on my shirt, which still felt unfamiliar on my skin. So did these boots. I didn't fit in here, but they were so welcoming that I couldn't help but feel wanted.

A low rumble sounded in the distance. Thunder possibly? No, the skies were clear, with bright stars expanding the length of visible sky. I looked around. Boulder? More likely, but before I could conclude what it was, a louder growl emanated. That was no boulder- it was a dragon. I stood up and shuffled back behind the tree-line. Terrific, I had forgotten to include a weapon on my outfit.

The view upstream was limited by the vegetation, but that didn't matter, because the dragon was walking downstream, directly in front of me. And not just down along the side of the river, I mean over the river, with four legs stalking, left ones on one bank and right on the other, striding as wide as the river. One of its feet pounded a mere meters in front of me and I held my breath. Its wings were tucked in, but that didn't matter, because its massive stature was enough to kill a man just by spotting it. Its body was lithe and thin, similar to a Monstrous Nightmare's, and the talons were thicker. They're probably almost as big as I am. Even in the dark I could distinguish its large features, and I knew that it was blue. A striking thought hit me and I nearly fell over as another foot pressed down and made the earth shake, I would have fallen too if I had not been clinging to a tree.

There was no mistaking it.

It was Hiccup's blue dragon.

7. 7- How to heal your Heartbreak

How Valka knew this dragon, I did not know; but she must have seen it, or at least heard enough about it to make an accurate depiction of it in a stuffed dragon.

My breath huffed as I raced back through the trees, dodging brush and trees. A few branches snagged at my clothes, and whipped my face. I could hear the dragon let out an unmistakable howl behind me, that clung to my bones and shook me from the inside. It was the biggest dragon I had ever seen. Even the Sun Swallower was not that massive.

I stumbled over a rock as I cleared the last of the trees, but I kept running despite the shooting pain in my ankle. In seconds I was at Hiccup's door, panting to catch my breath. Looks like I was getting out of shape. I knocked quickly- if anyone knew what to do about a massive dragon, I'm sure it was him. It never even occurred to me that he might still be at the party. I knocked louder, "Hiccup!"

I must look horrifying. I could tell my hair was flying in different directions, my clothes had some new holes in them, dirt smudged my cheek and mixed with a streak of blood from a branch, and my ankle throbbed.

The adrenaline coursed through me, and I couldn't stand still. My hands shook and I tried to wipe the dirt from my face, but I'm sure the jittering only smeared it more. My heart beat a thousand times per minute! I was about to knock again, when the door swung open. It was definitely Hiccup, but he looked, well... odd. He was shirtless, and his hair was an utter mess. It's not like I hadn't seen him like that before, but this time I didn't care- there were more important things to think about. His eyes sagged, and he swayed back and forth ever so slightly.

"Hiccup, there's a dragon!" I gasped out quickly.

"There you arreeee," he slurred and grabbed my arm, pulling me through the door.

"What?" I looked at him confused as he shut the door behind me. "This is serious! There's a dragon and its the one that's been stealing the sheep andâ€¦"

He pressed a dirty finger to my lips lazily and I froze, confused. Usually he would be half way to the river by now if I had mentioned a monstrous dragon that could destroy the town.

"Don't worryâ€¦ nothing can hurt you." He sloppily moved away from me.

I frowned at him as he staggered over to his chair once again and flopped onto it. He was staring at me with a sideways glance, since it looked like he didn't even notice that his entire head was resting on his right shoulder.

"I think you had too much of that mead. I know, my uncle used to give us that look."

He didn't answer, just stared.

"Hic. That thing's out there, and if it came to town we wouldn't last very long." I walked over, trying to plead with him. "Please Hic!"

"What'd it look like?"

"Does that matter?"

"Yes."

"It was blue, and it looked a lot like your stuffed dragon," I pointed to the toy only a short distance away.

"That's sillyâ€¦ it's not a real dragon. I think you must have fallen asleep and had a bad dream."

"Hiccup!" I yelled, throwing my hands in the air. "I wasn't dreaming!"

"You should go back to the party. People were looking for you. It's your party after all." He made an odd swirling motion in the air with his finger, "wouldn't want to disappoint them."

"I don't want to go back to the partyâ€¦!"

I stumbled backwards a step as he stood up slowly and wobbled closer again. I could already smell the foul liquid on his breath; it wasn't nearly as strong as some of the other Vikings I had met, but I knew he had had enough. He was thin enough that his body type would react quickly to the fiery liquid. I furrowed my brow as he staggered closer. I was still standing by the door, waiting for him to snap out of his trance and rush to be the dragon hero again.

"What'd you do to your face?" He reached up and ran a finger over my cheek, smearing the small amount of blood.

"Got hit by a branch."

His face lingered ever so close to mine. "I wonder what you did to that poor branch." His eyes stared lazily down at me, and his smirk could kill.

"Youâ€¦!"

"Shhh," he silenced, but kept his hand against my cheek.

I was frozen, my heart seemed to stop. What on Earth was he doing? He pulled himself closer to me again and tucked a stray strand of hair out of my face.

"Meyla..." he said so quietly I had to turn my head to hear him. "Warrior. Dragon. Vikingâ€¦!"

"What are you doing? I was confused, the way he looked at me, it wasn't him. Well, not normally him."

"You should be more careful when knocking on a Viking's door late at night."

"W-what?"

His face inched closer and my eyes widened. Was he doing what I think he was doing? I mean, we had kissed before, but those were different times. My heart screamed and jumped, but my head was on lockdown, and my overt defences kicked in. I stepped back until I hit the door quickly out of his close embrace. He stumbled forwards a bit and watched me confused. He had expected me to give in. I held out a hand, signalling for him to not come any closer.

"Don't be like thatâ€¦"

"Hiccup, you're not you right now. I don't want you to make any mistakes you'll regret. I'm going to come back tomorrow."

"Meyla," he practically whined.

"Hiccup you're with Astrid."

"Astrid."

"Yeah Astrid. You can't love me. We already talked about that."

He stared at me with a blank expression.

"Sure, I loved you okayâ€¦ but I can't anymore. I realize that now. You may not even remember this in the morning, but that's okay too." I said firmly, but I realized that I was just reassuring myself of the matter. I would not like him any more, I couldn't. And even if my heart desperately wanted it, I know that it could never be.

He just watched me with forlorn eyes. I'm sure he barely understood what was going on at the moment, but this was for both our own good.

"Goodnight." I had to look away as I left, unable to meet his gaze. And with that I left the room, shutting the door behind me and walking quickly around the back of the house to my own room. It was dark and cold since I had been vacant for many hours. The lonely space only brought tears to my eyes. As soon the door was shut behind me I slid down the wood of the door that creaked under my weight. Sobs wracked my body, and I hugged my knees close, wishing that all of it would just go away.

I had confessed I loved him; and then accepted the fact that I will never be able to love him. All of this because I just had to go and see him afterâ€¦

I stopped.

I raised my head and wiped the tears. The dragon! I had to stop it. It might end up crushing the town or something even more horrid-killing the only family I had left.

The wind rushed against me as I ran along the edge of the cliff. It threatened to pull me over, down into the dark seas below. But I pressed on, even though I was having trouble with the exercise. I ignored the tiny droplets of blood around the scrapes on my arms and cheek from the branches, and the dampness of my forehead, and the untidiness of my braid. I ignored the tears that flew past my cheeks.

In the distance somewhere was the beast. Probably not as big as the Red Death, which I kept hearing the story of over and over againâ€¦

Hiccup was nowhere around, and I was left alone, again. But this time I had a reason to keep going. I may have put too much trust in Hic, but I had joined the tribe. I was one of them. I was a Viking. I was their family, and they were mine. And I would do anything to protect my family.

On the island I only survived because of my own will, I could have just given up at any time. I could have lay in the clearing and welcomed death as it came to me, or waded out to sea, never to be seen again. But I lived, and I lived in the hopes that somewhere out there was my family; that not all of them had died. But after searching the island for so long, I came to accept that they were gone. Really and truly gone.

I remember my father telling me as a youngling, 'don't go wandering too far; there are monstrous dragons out there that will do anything to comp off an arm,' he would emphasize with his hands and laugh. 'I can take um!' I'd reply. He'd shake his head and pull me in for a hug. 'Meyla darling, you know why we named you that don't you?' I would nod. 'Because you're our little girl, and so that's what we named you, 'little girl'.' I would just roll my eyes and pry away from his grip, bouncing around the house without a care.

It wasn't until years later that I really understood the meaning of my name. 'Little girl'â€¦ like a scared, lost child in the forest. Because that's what I was; I was my parents' 'little girl', and I was in fact little at the timeâ€¦ but not anymore.

I fought back more tears at the memories of my father. I'm a warrior. I have to do this.

A roar shook the trees and left me bewildered. It wasn't hard to find the beast after that. It's massive blue trunk-legs rose up out of the trees, and it's face just lightened by the sunrise. There was only one thing I could think to do, even if it risked my life. I ran around the front of the dragon, staring up at it from the ground. I was in a vulnerable position, considering it could move and squash me in seconds. But this was it.

"Excuse me!" I called up to it, praying it would understand and not take me for a meal.

It's lurching head moved like it was slow, weighed down by its own size. It snuffed its nostrils around me as its beady eyes soullessly stared through my core.

"Hello!" I- uhâ€¦" I thought of what to sayâ€¦ would it really

understand?

It snorted through its nose, and the gust of wind sent me back a step.

"What's your name?" I asked. All dragons have names!

It stared me down, trying to determine if I was a threat. A person so small could only do so much damage to a dragon that big anyways.

"Oh, my pardons." I cleared my throat and began to speak dragonese. I had forgotten about it, even though it was my native tongue.

"Fagr dreki, við hvat gera ek veitta inn gaman framkvæmd sási mannamót?" (Fair dragon, to what do I owe the pleasure of this meeting?)

It huffed, and bent its neck towards the ground.

"Éi va mann-ligr." (You are not human.) It grumbled, its voice echoing from the depth of its belly. It was deep and growly, like the sound was echoing through a chasm deep into the earth, but I could understand it.

"aev (no)."

"Éi ek eiga engi sysla máta Éi." (Then I have no business with you.)

I was about to cry out for him to wait, but it would never hear me, since it's head had already swung back and he hobbled back through the trees, with his legs slammed the ground, making me stumble back again. Why would it not want to talk with me? And it only had business with humans? What kind of business, I wondered. There was no point in arguing. The sun was almost above the horizon, casting glowing colours far beyond the island. I began to walk back to town, exhausted from running, and even more tired from the party last night, and conflict with Hiccup. I couldn't wait to crawl into bed. My feet carried me back through the trees as the orange light of day cascaded through the treetops.

I groaned; I would have to deal with Hiccup eventually—how much would he remember? The thought clawed at my insides.

If he didn't remember, I could go on peacefully; but if he did—

I hated the thought of losing his trust and friendship. I mean, it was his fault! He tried to kiss me, and I had to finally accept the fact that we would never be together. Now that I think about it, I'm strangely okay with the idea. No more worrying, or trying to be my best. I could make new friends, and be an actual Viking!

It was a long trek back to the house, but eventually the town came into sight, and people were already bustling about in their early morning chores. It was like they never suspected any harm so nearby. It just solidified the feeling in me—that I had to protect them.

I sucked in a breath and held it until I reached Hiccup's door. I

should sleep. I should wait. But I also wanted to make sure he was okay. I needed to fix this. I tapped lightly on his door, and it swung open with my palm. He hadn't closed it?

I poked my ear around the corner, wary about what I would find.

"Hic?" I poked my head inside, taking a tentative step. The room was silent, besides from the chatter outside. Where had he gone?

Another step inside, I clenched my fists to try and stop them from shaking from exhaustion and adrenaline.

Without notice a boot swung down onto the stairs and stomped the rest of the way down. It was Hiccup. And my heart leapt, just to know that he was safe.

"Meyla!" He said with a grin.

And my smile fell when he looked at me.

"What happened to you?" He rushed over and grabbed my arm, inspecting the scratches along it.

I pulled it away and refused to meet his eyes. "Nothing."

"I know when it's not nothing. It's always something."

I could sense the worry in his eyes, but we really had bigger things to worry about. And I was going to figure out the first one. "Do youâ€¦ remember what happened last night?"

He reached up and scratched his head. "Well, kind ofâ€¦ I came back after the party and you were hereâ€¦ and thenâ€¦" his eyes widened. "Did we kiss?" He turned around before I could answer and began pacing, looking like he was having a fit. "Oh gods Meylaâ€¦ oh gods I'm so sorry!"

"What? No we didn'tâ€¦ umm, we didn't do that."

He finally froze and sighed. "Good."

"You don't remember anything else?"

"Noâ€¦ but, I have to tell you something." He sat down on the bench at the side of the room with his elbows on his knees.

I stood by and listened intently, though I was grateful he didn't quite remember the whole conversation.

"I had a dream, andâ€¦ there was a woman there. She told me something."

I could see him straining trying to remember.

"She saidâ€¦ blÃ¡r vili frelsa Ã¼Ã°.."

I froze.

"Meyla, it means 'blue will save you.'"

End
file.